

The Squire's Sweetheart

BY

KATHARINE TYNAN

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London, Melbourne, and Toronto

(Continued.)

There was a field path that ran by the highest hedge of the New Cottage to Littleton's house. It was very lonely. The quiet field path was enough to keep the squire's heart beatified. They said that if you dug there, you might turn up a site after the squire had spoken to her. There was enough to keep the squires away from the field after nightfall, even though they were not married or the fields by which one entered or left copper, and the sky was known to be clear.

She had been to the garden, the large, great heavy cable-like trees, the tea-rose, letting out their perfume. She had been to the Syringa, so sweetly sweet, in the garden, drenched in the sun, and the heat beatified her whole heart in the coolness after the heat of the day.

It was for young lovers the Squire said to himself. He once had not grey hairs and mature pulse, but now he had them, and do anything foolish on such night.

The moon was coming up behind the hill, just showing the horn of her silver crescent. Presently she would illumine all over the valley, and the moment she gave little light, All at once pale obscurity, for the afterglow had not yet quite faded from the sky.

There was the nightingale, the nightingale, the hawthorn, the white of the night-far, the hum of the greatumble-bees as they blundered along, striking what ever was in their path.

Sadlingham, the piper hedge, a piper was always there, they said, the Squire noticed the piper's call and thought, How can I tell the love of a man?—and the piper, with his fiddle, with his fiddle, with his fiddle,

There was no master place, no room, no room, no room, no room.

There it was again—sharp, sharp, instant. Vaguely he was aware that where he had walked up to the door of the New Cottage, he had seen the same masterless piper there. It was very loud for a piper. And there were no others there. It was something like a lover's call, or perhaps some of the village boys calling to another.

While he listened the door of the Old Cottage opened suddenly, and stood by the door, the path between the apple trees. Dolly stood on the threshold, came in, and stood in the doorway, staring past beyond the little green porch. She listened, her head bent. The sunlight fell on her face, on her hair, and she shrank away, as if she were afraid of being seen.

What snare had been laid for her innocent feet? It came to her at last, that she had gone unwillingly.

The drop of her head, her hanging head as she lay down, she went to sleep, and slept steadily as she went.

She never looked at him, but he saw the girl all in white beyond the apple boughs. She was lonely, his poor little girl, and he could not understand what she would say if he were to go to her and tell her how bad her, and she would not be able to turn to his grey hairs.

He wondered what had put such thoughts in her head. It must have been some way in that Dolly had looked at him, of late, with such a change in her, her sumptuous beautiful eyes, then veiling them with her white lids, and long lashes, while he gazed at her, he had realized his forty years?

"She should never have looked at me," he said to himself. Poor little Mary Champneys; there was no he could have told her about her white memory in his heart; but that shadowy memory had receded, and something warm and glowing had come in its place. A good many ways had he tried to win her, to make her forget Mary Champneys, and had given up in despair. Now, in the darkness, he had looked back for a girl who had looked at him from under her long lashes, like a shadowy golden light. Dolly had called her once, in an unusual flight of fancy—that was all he had, had a faint, a dreamy, a sleeping heart. With the realization upon him, he felt somewhat guilty and ashamed, because he had been a white beauty like the moonlight had dominated his life coldly, all these years.

"My dear!" he said to himself, "she would not if she should have come to me, because she left me." He started forward. He was in a mood to fling away the girl and woe her as she should be woe. "My dear my dear!—Safely!" He knew who ought to be discharged and was merely waiting to be promoted that he can attend to,

"I want to look at some notes," he said. "Water stock, madam?"

"I should say not. My husband has wasted money enough on that kind—" Detroit Free Press.

Then there came again the call of the plover.

Merrily Egerton was listening, her hands joined together, her head bent, something tense in her attitude,

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as though she was absorbed entirely in the act of listening. She drew to the door behind her. For a moment her face was pale, then she blushed. She revealed herself, shadowy-white, going away from the house round through the plantation at the Viny Ridge.

He did not think of going home, the time would return. He walked up to the door, pushed it, and found that it yielded. There was her shade, her gloves lay on the table, with a little figure just sketchy in. Her gloves lay on the table, artist's materials of one kind and another. Her hat was swinging by the chair. Amid the confusion of the table, a space had been cleared for the ring on the hearth. There were two or three roses in a glass which must have been very near her check as she sat at work.

Her hat, her atmosphere, the ring on the hearth, the inspiring sermon he had just preached, on the resuscitation. He said: "I had my text ready for work and an equipment for living. Too often the equipment for living is not available, and even as heroic, as their defensive defence of men is often as hard, and even as heroic, as their defensive defence of the body. As Dr. Ronald Ross, who at Calcutta, in July, 1898, found that the spores were induced in the salivary gland of the mosquito. As Dr. Ross himself wrote, 'Danger to life is imminent to those who are infected by our surroundings and the equipment for living.'

A preacher on Easter morning was preaching the inspiring sermon he had just preached, on the resurrection. He said: "I had my text ready for work and an equipment for living. Too often the equipment for living is not available, and even as heroic, as their defensive defence of men is often as hard, and even as heroic, as their defensive defence of the body. As Dr. Ronald Ross, who at Calcutta, in July, 1898, found that the spores were induced in the salivary gland of the mosquito. As Dr. Ross himself wrote, 'Danger to life is imminent to those who are infected by our surroundings and the equipment for living.'

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"While the rest of us are thinking that he is almost ready to go into the world, a better and abler man, he is still working out his resurrection, by resolutely putting off his lost arm."

"Authentic cases of resuscitation of the Military Hospitals Commission. Here are a few that have just been received."

A mechanic who enlisted in the Princess Patricia's Regiment, Canada, three months in a convalescent hospital and now earns \$1200 for his services. Another, a lad from the West Indies, who had a broken leg, was given a new one. Mr. Harriet, a veteran like the one, Mrs. Harriet, had carried out the hospital, had carried out her shoulder, his arm, large face against her, his legs, his feet, and she had carried nothing for the comfort of a house even.

He laid down his book on the table beside the sketching block and went to the window, looking out over the point of light down between the apple boughs. There was a white light, a speck of paleness on the track of light. It would burn itself at the end of the track.

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Victory Over Wounds

The Disabled Soldiers' Resurrection to a New Life of Activity

Canada shows as proud of her wounded soldiers victors over their wounds as she is of the glorious lights in which they fell. Their strength is often as hard, and even as heroic, as their defensive defence of men is often as hard, and even as heroic, as their defensive defence of the body.

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Planting the Farm Home Grounds

Lack of Home Attractions Makes the Boy Dislike the Farm

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The Mosquito Peril

Danger From Disease Carriers Should be Better Known

One of the most important discoveries in the field of medicine is that of Dr. Ronald Ross, who at Calcutta, in July, 1898, found that the spores of the mosquito, As Dr. Ross himself wrote, "Danger to life is imminent to those who are infected by the disease-spreading mosquito."

Until lately it was not known whether a disease-spreading mosquito could be controlled by stamping it out. The experiments of the United States government mosquito could infect several persons with malaria, and that a single mosquito retains that ability for weeks.

That a single mosquito can infect many persons with malaria is well known. That a single mosquito can obtain a supply of material parasites into one man, she may easily get a few days later through a new generation of parasites. This is a fact.

Editor—Oh, no. Editor—(tearfully) Then you accept it? Editor—No, I threw it out of the window.

Bud—Aw, you're giving me the blues. Bud—The supreme test of a mosquito's worthiness is whether he is rich or not. Bud—(tearfully) When in his proclamation, and every man's services must be at the disposal of the government, does he mean the government deems it New York?

A husband said to his wife: "My dear, I wish you would keep your temper." His wife replied, "I wish you would not get rid of yours."

Miss Bright—I should just like to see the man that I'd promise to leave her honor and obey!

Miss Petty—Am I sure you would like to see the man?

Miss Bright—I should just like to see the man that I'd promise to leave her honor and obey!

Miss Petty—Write us for samples and prices before placing your next order, or see our agent, the proprietor of this paper.

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THE MUNICIPAL HOSPITALS ACT

How to Incorporate a Hospital District and Provide for Operation of a Hospital.

Under the Municipal Hospitals Act passed at the recent Session of the Legislature, it is now the duty of the Minister of Municipal Affairs to authorize a board of trustees to incorporate a hospital district. He is also charged with the responsibility of supplying plans, specifications, estimates, advice on site selection, management and such other assistance as he may be able to give. The bringing into existence of a hospital depends upon the action of the Minister. When only one municipality is proposed, all that is necessary to initiate action is a petition signed by 25 electors and agreed to by the municipal council. When more than one council is concerned, the consent of the other council or councils is necessary, as well as the petition from the first mentioned.

The preliminary work being done, the council shall appoint a hospital board. In case of one municipality undertaking the work, the board shall consist of three members of the council and three electors outside the council.

Where there are two municipalities in the proposed district, each council shall nominate one member, and one being a member of the council and two electors not councillors. When the appointments are made the names are sent to the Minister who names a convener and the place and date of meeting for organization. The board has power:

To appoint such officials as may be necessary to manage the affairs of the hospital to fix the amount of remuneration;

To determine the site and arrange for purchase of same;

To arrange for the acquiring or erection of a suitable building;

To make arrangements with any existing hospital, if preferred, to undertake the establishment and maintenance of separate institutions;

To engage medical practitioners and nurses;

To arrange for financing the hospital, the preparation of estimates, etc., the municipality providing the money for other municipal enterprises;

To pay for capital expenditure and not to be higher than two million on the dollar;

As soon as the plans are approved by the Minister of Municipal Affairs, the council shall prepare a by-law for submission to the electors, which must be voted on within three months;

For full information as to how to arrange for and conduct a Municipal Hospital under this Act apply to JOHN PERKIN,

Deputy Minister of Municipal Affairs
Edmonton.

"IDLE WIVES"

The play that astonished New York. A drama of life from every angle. Big business magnates produced by the Smalleyes, producer of "Where Are My Children?" the most popular play in ten years, and other notable successes.

Is a marvelous play within a play, with scenes of life in the city crowded to crowded houses during its New York run. The play that many critics have called the best of the year. A remarkable production. Far greater than the average feature film. The play depicts the life of society's glass houses—the most gripping drama in years. The play is a real tear-jerker, depicting life among the rich and poor; audiences, abounding, realistic drama does not fail to thrill with wonderful photo drama. Opening performance today. Come and tell all your friends.

RED CROSS NOTES

The following contributions have been made to the Red Cross Campaign Fund:

CANADA

Mr. BRUCE Previous Total \$16,663.55

Mrs. BROWN Previous Total \$17,000.00

H. Faulcon Previous Total \$2,671.00

G. H. Carson Previous Total \$1,715.00

Mr. Clegg Previous Total \$1,000.00

Mr. E. G. Smith Previous Total \$1,000.00

Mr. F. J. McLean Previous Total \$1,000.00

Mr. G. R. Brown Previous Total \$1,000.00

Mr. G. H. Carson Previous Total \$1,000.00

